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PSYCHOANALYSIS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË, AS A TYPE OF THE WOMAN OF GENIUS

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Introduction

Few English authors, whether men or women, have been so much written about as has Charlotte Brontë. Biographers, critics, interpreters, have been busy from the day, in 1847, when *Jane Eyre* burst upon an astonished world, till 1912, when Miss May Sinclair, in her book called *The Three Brontës* (1) gave us an appreciation and an interpretation that fully answered her own question, "Why *another* Brontë book?" Miss Sinclair, with her always wonderful insight, has come very near to the psychoanalytical view of Charlotte Brontë's character, if not of her genius. There is very little to add to her interpretation of the novelist's attitude toward children, and she was the first to comprehend the truth here. Among others who have approached the psychoanalytical viewpoint, without any specific knowledge of Psychoanalysis, are Swinburne (2) and G. K. Chesterton (3). A quotation from the latter will suggest the basis of this new interpretation. Speaking of *Jane Eyre*, in his essay on Charlotte Brontë in *Twelve Types*, Chesterton says:

"Yet despite this vast nightmare of illusion and morbidity and ignorance of the world *Jane Eyre* is perhaps the truest book that was ever written. Its essential truth to life sometimes makes one catch one's breath. For if it is not true to manners, which are constantly false, or to facts, which are

almost always false, it is true to the only existing thing which is true, emotion, the irreducible minimum, the indestructible germ." (p. 7.)

and again:

"Upon the whole, therefore, I think it may justifiably be said that the dark wild youth of the Brontë's, in their dark wild home, has been somewhat exaggerated as a necessary factor in their work and their conception. The emotions with which they dealt were universal emotions of the *morning of existence* (the italics are mine) the springtide joy and the springtide terror. Everyone of us as a boy or girl has had some midnight dream of nameless obstacle and unutterable menace in which there was, under whatever imbecile forms, all the deadly stress and panic of Wuthering Heights. Everyone of us has had a *daydream* of *our own potential destiny* not one atom more reasonable than Jane Eyre." (Again the italics are mine.)

The power of depicting and analyzing emotion in Charlotte Brontë, and the suggestion that it was derived from the psychical experiences of her early life are here the points that we focus upon. It is my plan (or hope) to show that it *was* the childhood of Charlotte Brontë, though not necessarily the gloomy external features, that were the determining influences giving shape to her literary art in later years, giving her much of the power she had, that compelling power that enchains our sympathies in spite of the flaws and errors picked out by critical intellects. I mean to show that it was the interaction of the family circle that gave her those infantile emotions, preserved untransformed by the processes of normal development and escaping from her pen with the force of dammed waters when, other outlets denied, she sought the long-accustomed outlet of literary composition, after adult life and experience had matured her powers.

Her own testimony that her stories, to the very words, came to her whole and unalterable, out of what some of us now choose to call the Unconscious, is corroborated by the deep appeal, deeper than reason, which her works make to our feelings, an appeal that gains our intuitive assent to her every portrayal of the soul-life of men and women. It is deep calling to deep in a very real sense, and she could not possess this power unless the primordial unconscious soul of her remained unchanged and accessible as it does in the abnormally developed personality—the neurotic or the genius. There are reasons enough pointed to by every biographer, why she should not have, and could not have developed normally. There is evidence enough that she was essentially neurotic—in the

sense of nervous instability—that while not morbid she was certainly not normally healthy, and that her own inner life dwarfed for her all external experiences and gave her the materials out of which she created those soul-searching tales in which the inner life of woman is set forth as never before or since by any English writer. The secret of this tremendous power of passion in her fiction is emotional conflict in her own soul. This conflict involves a partial repression of one of its exciting causes into the lower strata of subconsciousness, but the emotional energy attached thereto finds its way out through the channel of novel writing with force unabated.

And I wish to show that the initial impulse of this life-long conflict was that earliest of emotional complexes, the complex centering in family life, with father and mother playing the leading rôles. It is a complex of ambivalent feeling toward a strong, stern, powerful, benevolent, adored father, who is loved and feared, obeyed and rebelled against, worshiped and hated, alternately, and, also, simultaneously. These feelings do not find, necessarily, an obvious expression, but they play their part on the stage of the child-soul, as psychoanalysis has shown. That the subject of this study, Charlotte Brontë herself, understood this phase of child psychology, as I shall try later to show, is demonstrated in her descriptions of childhood.

From her life, from her letters, and most of all from her books, we find evidence that the father-personality was the dominant figure in her emotional life. The one great adult love of her life—the passion for her teacher, Monsieur Heger—was the natural outgrowth of this. The love grounded in an unconscious infantile bond to the parent goes out only to the person who, like the parent, is inaccessible, (4, 5, 6). The passion which she felt for the unchanging Father Image, enhanced by the bars set up against gratification of her desire, she attributed to her heroines, freeing them from the wall of thorns surrounding her own love, dramatically in Jane Eyre, where the mad wife perishes in a spectacular conflagration, more conventionally in her later books, where rank or creed, or race, constituted more vulnerable defenses. The infantile situation, however, is repeated vividly in each of her few tales, with identical elements. Only the externals are altered. In the author's personality the infantile character was preserved unchanged, a fact to which her many biographers bear witness. The reason for this is easily seen when her emotional life is analysed.

The tyranny of a close-knit family, especially of a father, a long unbroken isolation in a gloomy home, and the disparity

between her upbringing and that of all her fellows, were things that warped and set her apart. Yet the intellectual stimulus, the literary custom of the household, furnished her with a most fortunate road to achievement. We must briefly survey the setting of this all-important period of life, her childhood.

Chapter I. Her Parentage and Childhood

In every study of individual character we must take account of the hereditary background and the congenital disposition of the subject, because, however great the influence of environment and experience, modern research has demonstrated that inherited character is the substratum on which the development of the individual soul must rest, in the last analysis. The inherited disposition determines the specific nature of the reaction to common stimuli, and so helps to create and to modify the environment that is always at work modifying it. This is clearly evident in every psychoanalytic study yet made. Only a responsive and sensitive nature can be far deflected from its normal course by the emotional stimuli that are found to affect so profoundly the growth of the neurotic personality and the genius. In view of the facts of her life, Charlotte Brontë cannot be held an exception to this rule.

Patrick Brontë, the father, was of an Irish peasant family; he rose by force of intellect and ambition to the place of clergyman in the Established Church of England, having made his way through Cambridge University. He lived beyond his eightieth year but was not, in his children's life time, a healthy man. He suffered from what was then called hypochondria, from cataract, and from nervous dyspepsia. In temperament he was not unlike his brilliant daughter, suffering much from depression, but of indomitable will. The mother died of cancer two years after the birth of her sixth child. The two eldest children died of pulmonary tuberculosis at the ages of twelve and eleven. Charlotte, the third child, suffered all her life from a nervous instability that took genera'ly the neurasthenic form but was often of a pronounced hysteric nature. Emily and Anne, the youngest of the six children died of tuberculosis at the ages of twenty-nine and twenty-eight. The only boy, Branwell, was also of nervous temperament which resulted in moral delinquency before it came to physical failure, and he died finally of tuberculosis aggravated and hastened by dissipation and drugs.

Here is a sufficiently tragic picture, with scarcely a redeeming feature. Farther than the parents the family history is not pushed back in detail, but we can surmise that it could

not have been favorable, since in the two generations known there is not a single one whose diathesis could be denominated as "negative" or "good." The bright spot in the sorrowful history is the extraordinary brilliance of most of the children, indeed there is reason to believe that both parents were above the average. Both had written and while their works possess no merit to speak of it shows a temper and ability above the average to have written at all. The mother did not publish anything, but her one extant manuscript and her letters show some slight ability in literary expression and a delicate and genial wit. She was a native of Cornwall and the combination of Cornish and Irish blood may well be supposed to have resulted in unusual offspring.

Of the six children born to these parents at least three possessed genius. These were Maria, who died too early for the flowering but who was an infant prodigy and who might have equalled her sister; Charlotte, the best known of the family; and Emily who was indisputably the most powerful mind of them all. It is a matter of dispute as to whether the boy Branwell really possessed the capacities credited to him in boyhood. If he did, they were blighted and destroyed by vice and disease. It seems fair to presume, from the records left of him that he might have been moderately successful in art or literature had he made the most of his talents, though it is unlikely that he would have commanded lasting fame. Of the two remaining children, Elizabeth and Anne, little can be said except that they were far below the others, and yet, perhaps because of the family environment, considerably above the average girl in intellect and originality. That a family of eight should possess three persons of genius and five of more than average ability is somewhat remarkable, at least.

The isolation, the dreariness, the positive gloom, that characterized the home of the Brontës has been too often dwelt upon, yet it cannot be passed over here. Mrs. Gaskell's remarkable "Biography" (7) has left an indelible impression on the reader's mind of the wild, desolate moor, the grey, cold, blank, stone house, next to the Churchyard choked with graves, the rude village, the inhospitable climate and soil. And one of Charlotte's girlhood friends declared that this picture was "not so gloomy as the truth." The fact that the children had practically no intercourse with others of their degree, or with anyone outside their family, until they were nearing womanhood, must be taken into account since it intensified the influence of heredity, of the family circle, and of the cheerless home. At any rate there was no mitigating

and corrective contact with the outside world. The family situation, the family complex, which is the first influence on every life, and is likely to be the most important, is doubly, trebly, significant for Charlotte Brontë because it continued so long paramount. So long was it uninterrupted by normal external factors that when these factors came they could not achieve their proper effect. She remained fixed in her infantile mould, emotionally and temperamentally, although her intellect, well nourished, was capable of a marvellous growth. The influence of the family complex was still further intensified by the circumstance that it was a group of unusually strong personalities and that the father was always the dominant one of these personalities.

Patrick Brontë's character was a contradictory mixture of reserved, sensitive pride and rugged stoicism, of sternness amounting to harshness and half-ashamed tenderness; he was self absorbed but had strong fatherly feeling. I do not know how better to present him in an outline sketch than by saying that his was an intense and emotional nature that was never permitted free expression. Sensitive pride, and self conscious shame kept an uneasy leash upon the natural feelings of his susceptible nature. He had "volcanic fires burning under his cold exterior" (Mrs. Gaskell's Biography). His was just such a character as I have seen in the energetic and ambitious American descendants of Irish Protestant Peasantry but I do not know enough of the racial, religious and personal elements involved here to venture a guess as to the significance of this similarity.

While the stories of his temper related in Mrs. Gaskell's Biography are now considered as the exaggerations and perversions of un-learned servants it is very certain that he was not a comfortable man to live with. Not only was he an ascetic, and a cautious, cold, distrustful, almost suspicious recluse, but he was one in whom confidence could not be reposed because his reaction could never be foretold. His children could never be sure of his sympathy, however carefully he looked after their welfare, they could never freely share their joyous or sad moods, their hopes and fears with him, because they never knew when their frank self-expression might bring a rebuke. His presence imposed constraint and self-repression, even while they loved and honored him, and fully recognized his solicitude for their welfare. In that solicitude he was very *father-like* in that he trusted his own judgment supremely and seldom thought of consulting the objects of his care as to their own views on the matter. Fathers with this character only a little less pronounced generally

esteem themselves and are esteemed by others as "good fathers," yet some neurologists know that they are more or less directly responsible for the plight of many a nervous and invalid girl and many a wayward and ineffectual boy.

Some writers on the Brontës have drawn a dark and forbidding picture of this father, while others have come to his defense with recitals of his fatherly concern for his children, his real affection for them, and his pride in them. All this defence only goes to show that he meant well and does not mitigate the unfortunate truth that his influence on their lives (and the most powerful of all influences it was) did not make for their happiness, although it had a great share in developing the genius of at least one of them. The conflict of opposite mental traits, which his nature was not strong enough to sustain, brought about physical conditions of health that reacted again upon his mental life, intensifying the repressions and the asperities of his pride and his over-sensitiveness. How his hypochondria and gloom acted upon Charlotte will appear more clearly in a later chapter, where her own physical and mental sufferings are treated. In her childhood his physical condition undoubtedly acted upon her but it was his personality and his fatherly relation that had the formative influence. He was, quite naturally, the autocrat of the house, and he strengthened his position by setting his face sternly against any indulgence or possible encroachment on his absolute authority. He had an eighteenth century notion of the benefits of the "hardening process" for childish bodies and souls. He wished to make his children indifferent to all the pleasures of the flesh, to food, to dress, to society. He succeeded—only too well. Such a discipline involved many a needless deprivation, of which little children—unquestioning of the wisdom of their elders though they be—must often keenly feel the injustice. Moreover—and this is most significant—he was something of an absentee monarch—keeping himself shut up in his study, seeing the children but seldom. His rule would seem the more arbitrary, and the less reasonable and sympathetic, for this circumstance.

Frau Lou-Andreas Salomé in her remarkable analysis of adolescent and pre-adolescent girls contained in her book *Im Zwischenland* (8) has shown the psychological effect of the absent or otherwise distant parents in the story of Mascha and Dascha. Considering the feasibility of a certain infantine misdemeanor these two, whose father was far away and whose mother was dead, decided that it would not do as there was no one to care or to punish them. Also that it would be pleasant, on the whole, to have some one to punish them when

they did wrong! This feeling probably grew in the breast of little Charlotte Brontë in the first five or six years of her life for it is expressed in many ways by the orphan-heroines of her books. Her father was there, and he was ruling, but from a distant height, and he neglected details. He was not one to listen to small troubles and to settle disputes. This should have been the mother's place, and there was no mother after Charlotte was five years old. So it came about that this father inspired in his daughters submission, deference, fear, along with adoration which reached up to him over a cold chasm of neglect and unsympathetic repression.

Mrs. Gaskell records that when, only a year or two before Miss Brontë's death, she visited at Haworth Charlotte's attitude toward her father was still that of a child. "Mr. Brontë never seemed quite to have lost the feeling that Charlotte was a child to be guided and ruled when she was present, and she herself submitted to this with a quiet docility that half amused and half astonished me."

This was when the father and daughter were more together than ever they had been in her childhood. More of tender intimacy in those early days would have softened the blighting effects of his strong hand upon her—effects apparent to the end of her life.

It has been often remarked that the keynote of her character was devotion to duty, and this was always shown as the duty of keeping her father's house and caring for him. Thought for him entered into every step of her life and controlled her choice. To others this devotion may have seemed unnecessary, to Charlotte's friend, Mary Taylor, it seemed wrong that talent of such a high order should be so confined and wasted, but it never seemed wrong or unnecessary to Charlotte herself, however much the other side of her nature rebelled. It is clear that her father's influence penetrated to the deepest springs of her nature. In her pathetically spirited answer to that letter of Southey's in which he advised her that "literature cannot be the chief business of a woman's life and it ought not to be," she wrote, "I try to deny myself, and my father's approbation amply rewarded me for the privation."

She came home from Brussels to devote herself to the care of her father and her father's house, she refused to leave him for London, after her fame had grown, she refused four offers of marriage and when she finally did marry, it was, notwithstanding his opposition, partly for his sake. She loved him with a devotion that had yet its ambivalent side of fear, and not with the love of a woman grown, but with

that of a child, just as, in childhood, she loved him with a half womanly adoration. When an emotion is called forth before its time and is allowed to become paramount, it crystallizes, "fixates," to use a Freudian term, and the natural course of its evolution is stopped, it remains in something near its pristine form. So it was with Charlotte and her feeling toward her father.

Mrs. Brontë was an invalid and scarcely saw her children after Charlotte was old enough to remember. The six tiny creatures ranging in age from ten to two, amused themselves and, for the most part, cared for each other. From the time Charlotte was three years old Mother was but a vague and unknown personality to her and she has but two or three dim and misty pictures preserved of the one who could have neutralized and sweetened the bitterness of her childhood. During the years of Mrs. Brontë's illness her husband was much occupied with nursing her and the children were even more neglected then than after her death. Moreover they came so near together that Charlotte, just in the middle, could not have known the indulgences of babyhood long. She was but eighteen months older than Branwell, and then came Emily, one year younger than Branwell, and Anne, a year younger than Emily. Maria, the eldest child, was, at seven, a little mother to the others, and when she died, in her twelfth year, Charlotte took her place.

From Mrs. Gaskell (7) I quote again,

"Charlotte's deep thoughtful spirit appears to have felt almost painfully the tender responsibility which rested upon her with reference to her remaining sisters. She was only eighteen months older than Emily (*sic*) but Emily and Anne were simply comrades and playmates, while Charlotte was motherly friend and guardian to both."

The servants of Haworth Parsonage testify that there was "never such a bright, clever little child as Charlotte, and one had to be very careful what was said before her." Her after life, however, would be proof enough, to one who has studied the neurotic type to which she so fully conforms, that her feeling toward her father and sisters and brothers was precociously developed, that she projected herself into a somewhat grown-up situation albeit in a perfectly childlike way, and that she suffered from strong conflicts ever afterward because this situation was too firmly fixed to melt and flow into the wider forms that should come with growing life. She was little wife and mother, in feeling, and yet she was repulsed by the distant coldness and self-absorption of the chief object of her solieitous love and care. Repression gradually

spread its chilling influence, but the fire burned all the stronger underneath.

Then, in her ninth year, the shock of the deaths of Maria and Elizabeth, her elder sisters, came with devastating effect, and part of the horror of this was the physical and mental suffering that they, with herself, had undergone at Cowan Bridge School (the Lowood of *Jane Eyre*). Whether she ever blamed her father for placing them in that school we do not know but that this suffering left its mark no one who has read *Jane Eyre* doubts. The pathetic deaths of the two older, from tuberculosis, left the third little girl with a narrower circle, and with a sad blank, and threw her back yet more surely upon the attachments yet remaining. Maria had been a substitute for the lost mother, in her childish fashion, and after she was gone there never was another for Charlotte. She lavished her love upon Emily, during her girlhood years, but Emily in turn lavished hers upon Anne, and Charlotte never knew what it was to have her passionate tenderness returned in full measure by any member of her family—and her family was her world. No wonder that in her girlhood, and to the last days of her life she was slow to trust the affection of friends and never dared presume on it. Never was a more loving and closer united family than the Brontë's yet Charlotte was, from the beginning, less loved than loving.

After the mother's death her maiden sister, Miss Elizabeth Branwell, came to Haworth Parsonage to care for the orphaned family. She looked after the house and taught her nieces all seemingly female accomplishments but she was never in any sense a mother to them and there is not a jot of evidence that they loved her. It is unanimously conceded by all biographers that she commanded their respect and esteem, and nothing more. The sojourn at gloomy Haworth was a hard penance to her, and moreover, her small and wizened nature could not possibly comprehend the spirits of this nest of young eaglets. Much petty tyranny had the girls to submit to from her—well-meaning soul that she was—and it is not impossible that there was injustice and cruelty also, when they were small. I have seen childless women, who were affable and gentle in all other relations, behave with needless cruelty to little children left in their care, when attempting to discipline them, and I suspect that this is the result of their secret, desperate, sense of their own incompetence for the task, to which must be added their ignorance of the needs and nature of children. Such details of Miss Branwell as have been handed down suggest the possibility of this sort of a situation though I cannot state it as

a fact. Certain it is that her rule was irksome and that there was little sympathy between her and her nieces.

We can imagine Charlotte smarting from her injustice and saying to herself that "if Father really knew" he would change all this. Father was still a powerful and somewhat unfamiliar being, benevolent in spite of his stringencies, whose potentialities were not all known. She would fancy herself in a closer, more intimate relation with Father, in such a relation as she saw pictured in the Waverly novels, with no stranger-Aunt imposing unwelcome tasks and delivering unmerited rebukes, a relation in which she should be his house-keeper (no need of Aunt!) and he would be her tender guardian and guide, such a guardian and guide as she made every female character in her books desire, in the later years when she poured her inmost soul into her writing. Miss Branwell, far from introducing an element that could break up the Father-fixation of the little girl, only strengthened it, as did every terrible calamity and shock that overtook her in her life.

I have not once used the word "sexual" in working out, perhaps with too much elaboration, the relation of the child Charlotte Bronte to her father, because in the generally accepted sense of the word there was nothing sexual in it. But the feeling is so closely allied to that which afterward becomes sexual, it shares so many elements in common with the adult development of sexual love that Freud was logically justified in calling it sexual in his own carefully defined sense. That Charlotte was jealous of the sick mother who took so much of her father's time and thought may have been. That she developed a semi-wifely feeling toward Father (as little orphan girls do) is certain. At any rate *he* was very jealous of any man who approached the grown-up Charlotte, as her own letters to her intimate friends testify. "He was accustomed to disapprove strongly of all marriages" says Mrs. Gaskell (7), and "he could not bear the idea of anyone wanting to marry Charlotte." We have not discussed his side of the complex but this will suffice to show that it existed and had its reaction upon her own complex.

This infantile fixation upon him, strengthened and stiffened by the narrow circumstances of her life and by each succeeding shock, grounded in a quick and sensitive nature, proved an effectual barrier, ever afterward, to normal adjustment to an external world, and normal growth of the deepest emotion of the soul up to new and more serviceable objects.

Her childlike character and appearance in later years bore witness to the partial arrest that so often occurs in the development of precocious children. The "old-fashioned" child

becomes a naïve, immature (in some respects), perennially young, adult—a character that has often been noted as belonging to the genius. Her smallness, her shyness, her quaint dependence and quainter independence, her quick impulses, followed by quick retreats, her piteous lack of self-confidence in company, contrasted with her certainty of the rightness of her conceptions in the world of creative imagination, all these and many more traits clearly revealed the child in her. “Even the curates perceived it,” says Miss Sinclair (1). It was no small part of her charm. This arrest did not concern her intellect, for that was a giant of early and constant growth, it was purely an arrest of the emotional life.

Chapter II. Her Adolescence

It is in the adolescent period, indefinite as its limits are, that the girl becomes conscious of the feelings and impulses that were present in the child only in germ. In adolescence some childish traits and tendencies become intensified and matured, while others, because of the extensive changes going on in the body, and consequently in the Psyche, are converted and transformed into quite different shapes. The instability of the organism at this time makes almost any outcome possible. All things are held in solution as it were, and the precipitates that come out, sometimes one by one, far apart in time, are not always predictable. This period is at least of equal importance with the period of infancy, for if the trends of a life are rooted in infancy the direction and extent of their growth is determined in adolescence. New features seem to be added at this stage (see Hall's *Educational Problems*, Vol. 11, p. 39) (9) and a new personality to be evolved from the undistinguished grub that was the child.

In treating of Charlotte Brontë's adolescence the problem of what to include is especially difficult, for she was always adolescent psychologically, never reaching full emotional maturity. On the other hand, experiences and feelings that normally belong to adolescence came to her in the pre-adolescent period, as we have partly seen. In treating of this time when her personality first begins to emerge distinctly I must frequently, then, reach both forward and back, drawing upon mature experiences for illustration of what was transpiring in her adolescent years, and going back to childhood for the beginnings of some things that attained importance now. And just because of this chronological confusion Charlotte Brontë, is, perhaps, a valuable exponent of some of the deeper phenomena of adolescence. She was not a normal girl, either physically or mentally; in her the adolescent traits were either under or

over-developed, but this condition of affairs makes for clearness in studying separate traits.

There was not, in this case, the clear line of demarcation between infancy and puberty, as to knowledge and as to the attitude of the outer world that there is in most girls' lives. The knowledge of sex that so frequently comes to girls in the early teens had long been in Charlotte's possession. In that famous incident of the Mask, when Mr. Brontë had each child in turn hide its face behind a mask and then answer the question he put—this being his original method of getting an insight into the minds of his children—Branwell, aged six, upon being asked how best to distinguish the difference in the intellects of men and of women answered, "By considering the difference between them as to their bodies," and the others made answers showing an equal acquaintance with adult knowledge, from Anne, aged four, to Maria, aged ten. This is not surprising, as they spent their time reading classic eighteenth century literature—with no expurgations—and the newspapers, playing and walking together on the moors, or listening to the talk of the servants. And, as noted in the previous chapter, the servants found it necessary to be very careful of what was said before the sharp and clever little Charlotte.

If any sort of sex trauma, such as Freud is accustomed to pre-suppose in the childhood of hysteric cases ever occurred, however, there is no record of it. Her precocious brother Branwell may have been responsible for some harmless indiscretion, or the acquaintance with a certain Haworth family, which acquaintance was discontinued when that family became involved in scandal, may have affected her sensitive mind. There is no necessity for laying stress on either supposition.

In adolescence, with the dawn of self-consciousness and sex-consciousness, the girl is likely to develop a new shyness with her father (8), a new fear of him, and, especially if he be uncomprehending and tactless, as he too often is, to turn to her mother and transfer to her the romantic devotion that formerly belonged more to her father, while the mother had been hitherto a useful person, taken for granted. At this time she may idealize and glorify her mother, not knowing that she is really glorifying Motherhood that instinct that is now stirring newly in her. Sex-consciousness has given birth to shame and fear and the budding girl turns to her own sex, and preferably to her mother, as a refuge. If she fails to find sympathy there, as often enough happens, for mothers do not always remember their own girlhood, she may attach herself violently to some other woman older than herself.

And this attachment, whether to her mother or to another woman, forms a very important part of her development and education. By a normal course of development, by imitation of this mother ideal, she comes to fuller self-knowledge and to a natural and merely wholesomely restrained interest which, as self-knowledge grows, is toned down from the extravagances of its expression in the first years of adolescence to the womanly norm. The superfluous sex energy and emotion, unutilized in the late-marriage régime of civilized society, is expended in the "frantic friendships" with other girls and with the mother or her substitute, also, in a measure. It is at this time of transference to the mother that the bisexuality, carried over from childhood, and just beginning to pass preponderantly in one direction may become dominantly either homo- or hetero-sexual. It is now that relations with father and mother, or with brothers and sisters, may tip the scale, already inclined by childhood experience, definitely in favor of homo-sexuality and celibacy, or of normal sexuality. The tendency of childhood may be reversed. If the fear begotten of too close attachment to the father gets the upper hand celibacy may be the result, although the desire for her true birthright burns not less fiercely below the level of full consciousness because it is self-repressed. Both potentialities exist until the end.

After refusing her first proposal of marriage Charlotte Brontë wrote to her most intimate friend, whose brother, it chanced, had made the proposal, "I shall probably be an old maid, but then I made up my mind to that fate when I was twelve years old." By which she meant that at twelve she had begun to fear that she would be an old maid while she hoped that she would not be. The conflict had already begun prematurely between two sexual forces, the one leading forward to normal wedded life the other pushing back to infantile fixation. From this came the changed character of the girl after her twelfth year. The bright, merry, independent little girl described by Haworth servants was gone and in her place was a shy, shrinking, self-distrustful, antiquated little woman, a budding girl already blighted, who was never to fulfill her promise or come to full flowering because the right elements of psychological environment were lacking. Quietism, over-rigid self-discipline, and austerity accompany the changes of adolescence sometimes instead of the exaggerated attention to dress, the giggles, and excitability, that are more often observed, and the former, like the latter, may be a passing phase, the obverse side of the same phenomenon. Charlotte did not grow beyond this phase, she remained ado-

lescent, with the subdued and cramped outer shell of her confining a flame within that burned always with the intensity of adolescence.

It was noted that "she had a desire almost amounting to illness of expressing herself in some way—writing or drawing, (7) (Gaskell, p. 246). It is strange what a yearning the whole family had toward drawing. They lacked the power of execution, not of conception." Charlotte worked much at drawing in her early teens, and we remember that she made *Jane Eyre* proficient with the pencil and brush. Like Leonardo, Thackeray, and her own brother Branwell, she was undecided as to whether the pen or the pencil should be her medium of expression, but some expression there had to be, since the conflict and repression of her inner life prevented the outlets of a normal girlhood. Thus only could she assert herself. Her schoolmates say that she could not say "No," or oppose any one without gathering up all her strength and resolution for the ordeal, yet she never allowed her real thoughts and opinions to be influenced by any one. The line between the outer and the inner personality, showing the duality of her nature, is clearly marked.

There was no mother for Charlotte to turn to in this time of need, and no truly motherly person, not even an elder sister. Her father could not be the recipient of girlish puzzles and questions. He became at once more than ever a stranger, and better known, as girlish reticence and sensitiveness grew, and as understanding of the adult character, with consequent disillusion, developed. Charlotte was turned back upon herself and now for the first time she seeks an outlet in writing. By this means she placed herself on a level with father and mother. The year that she was thirteen saw an enormous output of the little books, still extant in their microscopic script, that she so conscientiously catalogued in 1830 "making in the whole twenty-two volumes," she says in conclusion. These were tales, sketches and poems, with some introductory bits that give a photographic view of life in Haworth Parsonage, and which have been quoted so often in Brontë literature that I shall be content with this mere mention of her literary activity in these years of dawn.

A more normal girl would have kept a diary. Charlotte's self-repression was too great for this. She poured her energy and her outraged feelings into objective forms, refusing to use even her own name. These *Juvenilia* are almost all prepeetrated in the name of "Arthur, Lord Wellesley, Duke of Wellington," her hero. Toward her father her feelings were taking the outward and conscious form of a deep sense of

duty. If reverence, duty, and obedience to authority are traced by the Freudians to the Father-ideal in boys, how much more is the parent-fixation potent in girls, whose whole life is so much more confined to the family circle and bound up in it? The partial substitution of duty for love is traceable to the ambivalence of feeling that grew up toward her father as her sex-consciousness brought about a withdrawal from him, and as her imperative need of mothering at this critical time increased her sense of frustration and exclusion. In part this inner experience is to be deduced from her self-depreciation, her excessive shyness, her lack of freedom of expression, at this time, but more from the moral consequences later observable, and in the subject matter of her books. Parenthood is a theme little handled in them, the heroines are invariably orphans obliged to make their own way, often misunderstood and unappreciated. The parents that are depicted, are, with the exception of Mrs. Bretton, in "Villette," brought in with some unpleasant complication of feeling or circumstance that shows the subject to be a painful and difficult one. The influence of her father and of her feeling toward him is shown most clearly of all, however, in her attitude toward her few friends, both when she was in her teens and also later. A quotation from Mrs. Gaskell's Biography may serve to point out this:

"I am not sure whether Mr. Brontë did not consider distrust of others as a part of that knowledge of human nature on which he piqued himself. His precepts to this effect combined with Charlotte's lack of hope made her always fearful of loving too much, of wearying the objects of her affection, and thus she was often trying to restrain her warm feelings and was ever chary of that presence so invariably welcome to her true friends. According to this mode of acting, when she was invited for a month she stayed but a fortnight."

I think we are justified in thinking that it was not from her father's precepts alone but also from his example and his attitude toward herself that she derived this deep rooted fear of asking too much, and of presuming too far, of loving where she could hope for no return. She herself expressed in letters to friends the same sentiment that Mrs. Gaskell has described, and in her first letters to Ellen Nussey, after leaving Roe Head School, at which time she was sixteen, she expresses surprise that Ellen has kept her promise to write, and has still an affection for her. The sense of her own inferiority, the habit of self-depreciation, was not altogether due to her sense of inequality in relation with her father, however, it had other roots as well, but these might not have

come to full growth had not this complex given it the impetus.

It is here that her only brother, Branwell, plays a rather important part in strengthening the complex that begins to be truly sexual. Branwell was, next to his father, *the* important member of the family, in whom the family hopes and pride centered. Charlotte's clearest recollection of her mother was of seeing her playing with Branwell in the parlor of an evening. Branwell was given special instruction and care by his father while the girls were left more to their Aunt. Miss Branwell, the aunt, was extremely partial to her one nephew, as is only to be expected. Anne, who copied facts more literally in her books than ever Charlotte did, has given in *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* (10) a little scene between mother, daughters, and son that reproduces many a scene in Haworth Parsonage between aunt, nieces and nephew, in which the girls are made to give way to the spoiled boy. The mother in the story goes on to say:

"You know, Rose, in all household matters, we have only two things to consider, first, what's proper to be done, and, secondly, what's most agreeable to the gentlemen of the house—anything will do for the ladies."

Apparently Charlotte submitted to this doctrine, and idolized her brother as well, during the first years of adolescence, but her idol was soon broken and little of her love survived the spectacle of her brother's self-degradation.

The policy of the household, with its distinction between male and female tended strongly to increase her self-depreciation, while it fostered a subconscious rebellion that never found full expression but sharpened the conflict of her soul and made her in some ways a forerunner of feminism. It was in adolescence that these things were most keenly felt, in adolescence that her feelings toward her brother were strongest and most clearly ambivalent, her loving pride having its reverse side of resentment and anger. When at Roe Head School, in 1832, she writes to Branwell, "As usual I address my weekly letter to you because to you I find the most to say."

Branwell never doubted his superiority to his sisters nor failed to act upon that assumption, so voluntary subjection to her father was supplemented by subjection to a brother—and both subjections had their obverse side. Branwell's moral defection later was a shock not to be minimized though it had not the importance in determining her literary tendencies that some have attributed to it. It was of secondary importance to a more fundamental complex.

With her sisters her relation grew constantly more dear and intimate. Emily, next to Charlotte in age, was the best

beloved. Charlotte has confided to a friend that she loved the masculine traits in Emily especially. "I think a certain harshness in her character only makes me cling to her more." Emily too has her relation to the father-complex in Charlotte through these stern qualities. Emily was unresponsive and incomprehensible, like her father. "I think Emily seems the nearest thing to my heart in the world," Charlotte wrote, in maturer years, when Emily was dying. Another strong motive in her attachment to Emily was the mother feeling, which, as we have seen, developed very early in Charlotte, and, I believe, came to such ripeness in her adolescent years, that it preceded and arrested the growth of normal sexual instinct, forming that complex of emotions which makes childlessness a bitter grief, not less bitter because its true nature is hid from consciousness, and blocks up the only avenue to motherhood by usurping the place which true adult love should fill.

From the dawn of the Christian Era men have exalted motherhood above all else in woman, making the Virgin Mother the supreme ideal, free from every contamination of mere man. In India and other oriental lands there have been Virgin-Mother cults, as well. But what this ideal means to women is a question that has been little investigated. Psychoanalysis has shown that many neurotic women have what may be called the "Madonna Complex," by which they suffer from an intense longing for children and at the same time from as intense a loathing of the sex relation, and of men. This complex is generally showing itself in adolescence and is traceable in part to an early Father-fixation, to the disgust and horror aroused by first knowledge of the true nature of marriage, and in part to the transference in adolescence to the mother, if this remains fixed.

When Charlotte was fifteen her father made a serious and wise effort to counteract the warping effects of Haworth and seclusion by sending her to the pleasant school of Miss Wooler at Roe Head. And after this he encouraged visits from and to her school friends, but it was too late to alter her character. She was always a shy and reluctant stranger among the hearty and healthy girls of the school. She would join in none of their games, for she did not know how to play, and her physical weakness, her short sight, and habit of self-depreciation, did not give her the courage to try to learn. She made two friends here who were her friends for life. She never made friends who were not life long friends, indeed, for she was slow to be won and hard, but very tenacious of what she had won. As we have seen, she was distrustful of friendly advances but she eagerly clung to whatever she

loved, with the force of her pent up affections, when once she dared to love. To Ellen Nussey she gave her whole heart, and Mary Taylor had a warm place in her regard also.

She never gushed as many young girls do, but that her friendship had a true homo-sexual element (in a purely psychological sense) is indicated by many expressions in her letters, only one of which will suffice to quote, since it is pregnant with meaning. After Ellen had returned home from a visit to Charlotte the latter wrote, "I do miss my dear bed-fellow. *No more calm sleep!*" She always suffered from insomnia. When she had her dear friend beside her she could sleep however. Freud (11) has a case of a little boy who developed hysterical symptoms in order to be allowed again to sleep with his mother. We can not draw too close a parallel here, however, as Charlotte's experience cannot be traced directly to habits of childhood. The transference is more roundabout, from a remoter source.

It was at Roe Head School that the final weight to her conviction of physical inferiority was given. She was always small and "undeveloped" as she herself said. She was stooping and near sighted, and she was beginning to suspect that she was ugly. Children generally do not know that they are plain unless their elders impress it upon them but the adolescent boy and girl begin to question. We may remember how "Emmy Lou,"* when a girl of fourteen, sat down before her glass and wondered if she were pretty. Charlotte suspected that she was plain but was not sure, and had not thought too much about it, till blunt Mary Taylor, at Roe Head, told her that "She was very ugly." Years afterward Mary apologized and Charlotte said, "You did me a great deal of good, Polly." But "Polly" had done her anything but good. Long afterward Miss Brontë made this strange confession to Mrs. Gaskell: "I notice that after a stranger has once looked at my face he is careful not to let his eyes wander to that part of the room again." Nothing could have been farther from the truth. She was singularly attractive in spite of her irregular and ill-proportioned features, for her wonderful eyes, and the fire and glow of her personality diverted attention from any merely physical imperfections. But the effect of all this upon her already shrinking spirit is incalculable, and it greatly augmented the shyness from which she suffered and the difficulty she had in adjusting herself to new surroundings and personalities. A robust and cheerfully insensitive nature would have thrown off these fears as to personal unattractive-

* Emmy Lou, *Her Book and Heart*," by George Madden Martin.

ness, though indeed it can do no good to any girl to be told that she is ugly. If she really is so she will find it out.

Charlotte keenly felt her differences from the others. To Ellen she wrote, in the later adolescent years when she was nearing twenty, "If you knew my thoughts and the dreams that absorb me, and the fiery imagination that at times eats me up, and makes me feel society, as it is, wretchedly insipid . . . you would pity and, I dare say, despise me. I have some qualities that make me very miserable, some feelings that you can have no participation in . . . that few, very few, people in the world can at all understand. I don't pride myself on these peculiarities, I strive to conceal and suppress them as much as I can, but they burst out sometimes and then those who see the explosion despise me and I hate myself for days afterwards."

This is true adolescent sensitiveness, full of the self-consciousness of her own unique personality, aggravated by the Brontë family-sensitiveness and her strong family-consciousness which set her apart from the rest of the world. Within the four walls of Haworth Parsonage were people who understood her—and nowhere else in the world. At another time she told Ellen how little she could bear ridicule and how light banter that no one else would care about entered into her very soul and rankled. She tried not to care, and so drove the iron in deeper. There is a complex of reasons for her super-sensitiveness and I hardly know to which can be given the priority. There was heredity, there was the early reaction to her father's neglect, there was the strong feeling of physical inferiority, and the consciousness of her unique background, training, and childhood. Girls in their early teens are prone to such sensitiveness; Charlotte Brontë never outgrew it.

The result of her feeling of isolation and inferiority is readily seen in her schooldays. "She was an indefatigable student; constantly reading and learning; with a strong conviction of the necessity and value of education, very unusual in a girl of fifteen." (7) We may seek a parallel to this in the psychoanalytic study of Leonardo da Vinci, who made all knowledge his province. But study alone did not suffice her, as it did not suffice Leonardo. She spent her leisure time in "making out," i. e., in imagining stories, and with these she used to entertain her schoolmates at night. She had done this with her brothers and sisters from the time she could talk, but, as we have seen, the creative faculty received a great forward impulse the year that she was thirteen. She asserted her own worth in the one possible way when she fascinated her schoolmates with her stories or excelled them in the schoolroom. Like all children whose interests in real life are few

she compensated for the lack by living in a brilliant world of imagination. As an outlet for repressed longings, and affections she had her imaginary heroes and heroines. Some of these heroes kept their place in her heart for years, but of all of them the Duke of Wellington (not, of course, a fictitious character, save as she invested him with fictitious adventures and traits) was the chief. She worshipped him for thirty years, from the time that she was five years old, or less. She said she admired him most for his self-collectedness, and for his strong sense of duty. The first was a trait which she could never acquire, the second the trait that she made it her chief aim to possess. The Duke of Wellington was the lay figure on whom she projected her own ideal personality, her ideal of a man and mate, and her ideal father-man. He was truly her idol, embodying all that she thought worthy of worship, a father-surrogate, possessing just those qualities that her father conspicuously lacked.

Yet, none of her writing at this time, vivid and imaginative as it is, gives any distinct promise of the genius that flowered as late as her thirtieth year. This is because the passion that makes her novels so true, so fresh, so fiery, was not yet full, and it proves too that her genius was truly the product of emotional rather than of intellectual factors. Her intellect was precocious, but it was long before the supreme moment came in her emotional life that fused and crystallized the scattered and formless impulses of the girl's heart and caused the insupportable pressure of grief and disappointment to force its way out by the channel of fiction-writing.

The account of her adolescence is not complete without mention of hysterical symptoms already showing themselves. Many of these are common in adolescent girls and pass away with maturity. With Charlotte they persisted. She was given to inner speech such as is described in Hall's "Educational Problems" in the chapter on the "Budding girl." (9) She held dialogues with herself in which she really seemed a dual personality. She has put many of these into the mouths of Jane Eyre, Lucy Snowe, and Caroline Helstone, characters in her books. Caroline Helstone speaks of these "senseless ejaculations" which we utter when alone and when thinking of a painful passage in our lives which fills us with mortification and which we would fain forget. These ejaculations are sometimes senseless to the speaker herself, as they come from a train of associations running outside the focus of consciousness. A young girl of my acquaintance used to exclaim "Mother!" when alone, and then stop, startled, because, so far as she knew her Mother was in no way con-

nected with her train of thought. Psychoanalysis easily revealed a mother-complex. There is no record to tell us the substance of Charlotte's inward speech. She did not keep a diary to reveal her thoughts, so we can only guess that this trait was the expression of conflicting trends of personality.

She was superstitious, believing more or less in ghosts and banshees, in portents and presentiments. The wind foretold disaster, as is set forth in the early part of *Villette*, concerning Miss Marchmont's death, and again in the wonderful last chapter. The terror inspired by the moving light described in *Jane Eyre*, in the "Red room" incident was taken literally from an experience of her own at Roe Head school and it is said that her health failed from the time of that shock, and she was finally compelled to go home. Dreams were very significant to her. She took them as prophetic of disaster, and no wonder, for she suffered from frightful dreams both at this time and later, when sickness and death were always threatening. We may recall the dream that Jane Eyre had on the eve of her wedding, of carrying a little wailing child that would not be stilled. This was a recurrent dream of Charlotte's and she thought it an evil portent. It was partly an expression of the repressed motherhood wish but is capable of a deeper interpretation. The child is representative of the dreamer herself, suffering and not to be comforted. It might truly bode disaster, in a different sense from that in which she took it, in the sense, rather, in which our dreams do forecast the dangers of which our subconscious selves, sensitized to currents of feeling, are dimly prescient, while yet the perils are hid from the light of consciousness.

"Oh, my prophetic soul, my Uncle!" cried Hamlet (12) when the ghost revealed the name of his father's murderer. Hamlet's feeling of guilty fellowship for him who murdered his brother for the sake of possessing his brother's wife was the prophet here. Even so Charlotte Brontë felt that the unbelievable disaster might happen—the disaster of betrayal of her one great love—for her father—and therefore she attributes this recurring dream of her own to Jane Eyre on the eve of Jane's wedding—the wedding that was forbidden because the bridegroom had a living wife.

A striking dream of her early adolescence which she recorded in one of her "little books" was that of finding herself in a cave under the ocean, of feeling the terror of the walls heaving and cracking, of the floods about to overwhelm her. Then the scene changed to a desert and a roaring lion rushed toward her while she remained rooted to the spot. The latter half of the dream is typical of the dreams of girls and women.

There are few who do not dream of the pursuit of a lion, a bull, or similar animal, from which they are unable to escape. (4.)

The first part of the dream is more complex and comprehensive. It symbolizes, first of all, her situation in life, hemmed in on every side, unable to gratify her deepest desires, and cramped and held back from any sort of freedom in life by the force used to repress these desires. According to the studies in dream interpretation of C. F. Jung (*The Psychology of the Unconscious*, Chap. I.) moreover, the dream of the cave and the water would represent the regression into infantile pre-natal life, the first Paradise. The threat of the rupture of the walls would be the threat of birth into a harder, more perilous world. This dream finds many parallels in the dreams and fancies of praecox patients.

As for normal manifestations of interest in the other sex she had little opportunity for such things until she was sixteen, but it never seems to have touched her. She met her school-mates' brothers and all the curates of Haworth vicinity and none of them interested her, so far as we know. There were two proposals before her twenty-fifth year, one romantic, since it was love at first sight, and one very unromantic, since the gentleman was looking for a suitable matron for his school, but she refused both with exemplary calm. The coquetties of girlhood were quite foreign to her. When we know that she really had strong sexual feeling, when we see the part that the sex theme plays in her novels, we must ask why it did not give itself preliminary exercise in the ordinary way given to young folk and we point, by way of answer, to the family-complex. Segantini (13) with his mother-complex and his one love may be cited as a somewhat parallel case, and also Leonardo da Vinci (14), who never wooed any woman. Exact parallels in the psychoanalytic literature of genius it is difficult to find, because there has been little study devoted to women. With her self-consciousness and her strong self-repression she found it as impossible to join in this social game as to join in the ball games of her school mates. And as for real love, it was given already to the shadowy ideal shaped by the father of her childhood and so firmly was it driven to cling to this form by the experiences of youth, it could never be transferred to any lover that did not call forth identical feelings.

The hysterical symptoms of headaches and back aches, of insomnia, lapses of memory, food-taboos (when at Roe Head she would eat no animal food) nervous terrors, obsessions of gloom, were present in the period from her thirteenth to her

twenty-second year, especially toward the last, but they greatly increased with her maturity.

One more point in this important period of her life remains to be touched, and this is her religious experience. She was very reticent on this point, only confiding in Ellen Nussey, when goaded to it by that young woman, who was an Evangelical fanatic during her adolescence. Charlotte felt her own lack of true religious feeling, judged by Ellen's standard, and suffered from the consciousness. But with maturity she regained her poise and took her religion as she took her daily bread. Had the morbid stimulation come from a more influential person than Ellen it might have done her lasting harm, but so far as I can see, the hysteria of religion passed from her with the close of the adolescent period, and never played an important part in her neurosis. She was never either devotee or sceptic. Her nature found other more congenial outlets, and she kept the faith of her father in much her father's fashion. She found consolation and support, and a goal for aspiration, in her religion, but it played a subordinate rôle.

Chapter III. Facing Life

The dual nature of Charlotte Brontë's character, and the ambivalence of her emotional being show most clearly in her mental experiences when, maturity reached, she had to face life for herself, to choose her place, and to determine the field of her activities. Ambition and the desire for independence ran high, thrusting her out into the world where she might mingle with others (and she cherished hopes of overcoming her shyness and being cheerfully social and practically competent) where she might earn her own living, and make a name. This represented the *masculine* side of her, if one chooses to call it so, meaning by the word less a matter of sex than the class of aggressive characteristics generally attributed to the stronger sex. It was the self assertive side, the egoistic, the side that rebelled against restraint.

But, pulling against this restless ambition, making it easy to yield before obstacles, causing her to feel a secret relief when her plans came to naught and any aggressive proceeding or adventure in the world of affairs was rendered impossible, according to her view, was the passive, feminine, timid, self, that could not tear itself loose from the bonds of family life, from the shelter of the little world of home, and from the strong attachment, above all, to her father which was easily the strongest attachment of her life. She never doubted that it was her *duty* to remain with him, however

differently others might see the case. It was this self that conquered in the end, and condemned her to a sad and solitary life, for the struggle did not end, and it was never a complete victory. The other ambitious self neither died nor slept. The success of her books brought some relief, but such success could not fully satisfy her. It was impossible that she should ever be satisfied, for the conflict-shaken soul in her demanded disparate rewards. In these years of facing life, when the two selves seemed balanced—of equal strength—occurred the events that gave the final impetus and the final shape to her creative genius.

Her first attempt to earn her own living was in the obvious path of the governess, first at the school of her old teacher Miss Wooler, later in two private families, successively. The former position she left on account of ill-health, and in the others she was neither happy nor well, but she gave up the work for family reasons, and for plans of setting up a school of her own, with her sisters. This plan of a school of their own was cherished for years, and actually attempted. For Charlotte it was a welcome compromise, which would enable her to win independence and yet keep the family life, severed from which she suffered cruelly. The school keeping plan looks absurd to us now, in view of her splendid talents, but we must bear in mind that her talents did not reach their full development until she was thirty, that she herself was not fully convinced of their worth, and that school-teaching seemed the only enterprise possible to women of her class, at that time. So she looked to it as the goal of her fermenting desire to have a life of her own.

The career of a governess could not be successful because of its dependence on others and because of her physical and mental unfitness for such duties. It has been thought that the chief cause of this mental unfitness was her lack of love and sympathy for children. That this was untrue and that it was rather her great love for them, unable to express itself easily because of the painful complex involved, Miss Sinclair has well shown in her book "The Three Brontës." The proof she brings forward is largely that which psychoanalysis would offer; namely, the ability shown by Miss Brontë to win the affection of children when left untrammelled by the inhibitions suffered in contact with other adults, the passionate sympathy with the sufferings of childhood expressed in her works; the pleasure so great that it became a tender and exquisite pain which she describes as Lucy Snowe's feeling in caring for the ailing little child in "Villette," her shyness, which is really a fear born of pain, in approaching them;

and, with significant emphasis, the dreams recorded in her works and in her life.

A young woman who participated in an experiment on word association (15) gave the following protocol of her association with the word *child*:

"I had a feeling that I cannot quite express when I saw the word *child*. A feeling I always have when I see a little child. A feeling as if I should like to cry." This young woman possessed the physical symptoms of hysteria suffered by Charlotte Brontë; psychoanalysis showed a strong attachment to her father in childhood, followed by a conversion into rebellion and resentment in adolescence, when she identified herself with her mother, and accompanied by an intense repugnance to the physical elements of marriage and motherhood.

Another young woman with similar physical symptoms and a similar infantile and adolescent emotional history always experienced a rush of tears to her eyes upon the sight of children in a group, or under any circumstances that emphasized the idea of childhood. No conscious emotion accompanied her tears; they came as a surprise to her and were inexplicable. This began about the time she was seventeen and continued until, in her middle twenties, she submitted to psychoanalysis. After learning the true state of her feeling toward children, and that the painful experience was due to her repressed desire for motherhood, the peculiar reaction ceased. Perhaps these two examples will be sufficient to show on what grounds I base my belief that Charlotte Brontë suffered from a painful complex of feeling with regard to children. Her mother-instinct found an object, but not a satisfying one in the care of her younger sisters. They were too near her own age. The care of other women's children under circumstances that constantly reminded her that her right in them was small necessarily gave her more pain than pleasure.

It is just here that her experience as a governess is important for her inner history, for in this experience she suffered shocks that served to strengthen the complex and to deepen the repression in which she held this well developed fundamental instinct of her nature. She suffered shocks from the children themselves whose unregenerate behavior damaged the tender ideal of childhood her inmost mind had cherished. When the youngest little Sidgwick threw a Bible at her one such shock was received. When the same little fellow impulsively caught her hand and said, "I love 'oo, Miss Brontë," and his mother exclaimed, horrified, "Love the gov-

erness, my dear!" a deeper shock than any was given. For it was not merely the wound to her pride and self respect, it was the driving in of the realization that she could have no real part in the children for whom she cared, and that she was cut off from the realm where she most longed to enter. Small as the incident was, it acted, with other conditions of her unwelcome servitude, to limit her still further in her emotional scope, to cut off one more possible avenue of self-expansion and of wholesome sublimation of the great biological instincts. It drove her back to the more infantile forms of love, denying to her anew the natural and legitimate means by which a woman's ego transforms itself in the service of others.

Just what the resulting complex of feeling was has been so well described by Miss Sinclair that I shall take the liberty of quoting her phrases in part, not only because I cannot better the description but also in order to defend myself in advance, by this frank quotation, from the charge of plagiarism. While I do not agree with her that "the love of children was the key to Charlotte's nature, the heart of the mystery that was Charlotte Brontë—for I take it to be only one of the keys, I cannot do better than let her speak for me in describing the actual content of motherly feeling in Charlotte.

"She was afraid of children, awkward with them. Such passion has shyness . . . even its perversions, when love hardly knows itself from hate. Such love demands before all things possession. It cries out for children of its own blood and flesh. I believe that there were moments when it was pain for Charlotte to see children borne and possessed by other women. She hid her secret even from herself, as women hide these things. But her dreams betrayed her, after the way of dreams. All her life, I think, she suffered because of the perpetual insurgence of this secret, impassioned, maternal longing." (The Three Brontës, by May Sinclair, pp. 63-66.)

We have seen how in Charlotte this passion was prematurely roused, and how the intertwined sex-complex or father-daughter-complex worked to make its gratification impossible, and it naturally follows that the secret, unrealized knowledge that it must inevitably be so balked imparted to it a content of well-nigh unendurable pain. The result of this accompaniment of the thought of mothers—and children—is seen in the subject matter of her books, in *Jane Eyre*, where it works out as a gloomy and harsh characterization of the mother, and in *Shirley*, where she makes the much-suffering Mrs. Pryor fear to claim her daughter, because of the new suffering she

might bring to her—and never in literature, I think, has there been a more subtle analysis of maternal feeling in its less obvious phases. It is a dramatization of her own inward struggle between love and hate, desire for, and fear of, the most precious possession of living beings. In the end, according to the story, love conquers, and so, also, had there been time enough, the resistance imposed by fear and deprivation might have conquered for Charlotte. But she died just before she was to become a mother, and the illness that accompanied her whole period of pregnancy had a psychogenic element, as if, indeed, her soul as well as her body were rent by a conflict between life and death.

The next significant event is the going to Brussels for further education. This has not the great significance attached to it by Shorter (16), Reid, (17) and others, who hang her whole literary career upon it, but it has significance as expressing a phase of the complex of feeling with which she faced life. The desire to go to Brussels came as an irresistible longing to get into larger places, to see, to know, to feel life in larger aspects. It was the legitimate expression of the expanding ego. But from another aspect it was a putting off of the actual responsibility entailed in gripping life at close quarters. It meant a prolonging of the novitiate, always welcome to passive characters, who eagerly seize the excuse of the necessity of learning more before they begin to do. Their fear of actual life is such that they dread the taking of an active part even while they long for it and dream of achievement. Such was Charlotte Brontë's unconscious attitude, while her conscious rationalization of her action was the perceived necessity of knowing French and German before she could hope to get pupils for her school. She was twenty-six when she went to Brussels, and she revealed her feelings about her new departure frankly to her old friend Ellen:

"I was twenty-six years old a week or two since, and at this ripe time of life I am a school girl and on the whole very happy in that capacity. It felt very strange at first to submit to authority instead of exercising it, to obey orders instead of giving them; but I like that state of things. I returned to it with the same avidity that a cow that has long been kept on dry hay returns to fresh grass. Don't laugh at my simile. It is natural to me to submit and only unnatural to command."

She reveals more of herself than even she knows, and her simile is a telling one. The pleasant pastures of childhood were far more grateful to her than the roaring crowded streets of adult life. She found it hard to finish *growing up*, in plain

words, and welcomed this temporary return to childhood and tutelage. She liked to be ruled better than to rule, although she liked to be forced by circumstances or by the right person into submission; she could not openly choose it, as the more advanced and conscious part of her rebelled. Each of her heroines in turn, Jane Eyre, Shirley, Lucy, and Frances, illustrates this twofold attitude. The ultimate, unhampered, choices we make, in almost any situation, are sure to be those which most satisfy the demands of our buried, our subconscious selves, as Freud has well pointed out in his, *Psychopathology of Every Day Life* (18). Charlotte Brontë exemplified this principle in her going to Brussels and in her subsequent decision to remain at home in order to minister to the needs of her family.

At Brussels she came under the influence of Monsieur Heger, principal of the school at which she studied, and to his influence upon the development of her intellectual powers and upon her emotional life as well, many writers have not hesitated to attribute her success as a writer. She studied French literature and composition under him, and the devoirs prepared by her at that time, as well as more spontaneous writings have been preserved. Reference to them will dispose satisfactorily of the claim that his teaching greatly influenced her style of literary form. The school exercises are school exercises—nothing more. They are brilliant as such but give no more indication of genius than did the numerous stories and poems written before this time. The question of his influence upon her emotional life is not so easily disposed of. Until three or four letters of hers that were given to the world by Monsieur Heger's son and published in the *London Times* (19) in 1913 the debate as to whether or not Charlotte Brontë was actually in love with Monsieur Heger was warm among Brontë enthusiasts. As it was the only possible grand passion in her life Clement Shorter, Sir Wemyss Reid and others of less note affirmed it and based upon it the emotional outbursts in her novels, which we are now tracing to deeper sources, while not disregarding this one. Others (notably the women), Miss Sinclair, and Mrs. Gaskell, stoutly denied it, maintaining that Charlotte cared for her teacher, a married man, in the innocent way that an admiring and devoted pupil does care for a favorite teacher in such cases. This sort of mingled reverence and adoration, coupled with a mischievous delight in the teacher's shortcomings, which Charlotte certainly evinced, does resemble a real adult love "as the mist resembles the rain." It is a faint adumbration of the real love, founded, like that, on the father-fixation and

it fades away and leaves no scar behind when adult life really begins. That this was the true state of affairs between Charlotte and her teacher, whose favorite pupil she was, I believed until those letters, above mentioned, came to my attention. They are of far too private a nature to have been given to the public, which is the reason why they have been held back so long. They show that Charlotte Brontë really loved M. Heger with a truly adult passion. They show also, however, when taken in connection with the other letters written at the time, that she was never full conscious of the nature of her feeling. M. Heger was a married man and this was enough to censor the truth from the page of her consciousness. But she suffered keenly, from the time when in her second year at Brussels she began to feel it most strongly until several years later, when all communication with him was broken off, and when the success of her books brought wider interests.

To any who have read Mrs. Gaskell's Biography, or Brontë's novel *Villette*, the hero of which is a spiritualized and glorified M. Heger, the relation of this love to the previous emotional history of Charlotte Brontë is obvious. M. Heger answered every requirement of the father fixation. Like her father, he was arbitrary, passionate, severe, yet often kind. He gave his pupil that flattering share of his interest that made his comings and goings, his praise and blame, the emotional interchange between them the one excitement, the one experience that lent color to her days, that at the outset supplied an emotional tension sufficient to keep life from going on too tamely and flatly. It was not until the second year, after her sister Emily had gone home, leaving her alone, that the attachment took possession of her as a true passion. Emily had kept open the bridge to the childhood home, had in some sort represented the compromise that she was continually trying to make between the old demands and the new. With Emily gone the new attachment grew stronger and stronger, while all the powerful resistances inherent in the situation created a conflict quite severe enough to account for the depths of misery that are depicted in her letters of this time. It is significant that no attachment whatever was formed to Madame Heger. Between Charlotte and this lady existed a growing dislike, more aggressive on the Madame's side as she suspected, before either of the principals did so, the feeling of the pupil for her husband.

Toward the close of this year of conflict there came news of conditions at home, at Haworth Parsonage that were welcomed as a call of duty, a legitimate excuse for return thither.

Her father was losing his sight, from cataract, and, under the pressure of grief over his son's disgrace, was taking to drink as well. Emily was at home, while Anne, the other sister, was governess in a distant city, the aunt had died the year before. Only Charlotte could rescue her father and, racked by a new conflict, she determined to go. The parting with her teacher held a bitterness that she made no attempt to disguise, even though she did not realize its depth. Yet there was still a hope for her, she felt, in the work she planned to do. The return home was but an interlude, she had no thought at this time that daughterly and sisterly duties were to monopolize her. She was happy to be at home again in this year of 1844, her twenty-ninth year, the crisis had not yet come and she did not realize the inner conflict.

It is just at this point that too much has been made of the attachment to Heger—a hopeless and unacknowledged attachment to her, with her standard of morality—by those who have accepted it from the first. It was not this passion only that she poured out in her romantic fiction, it was not this store of repressed feeling alone that forced her to write.

In all the struggles between opposing desires that had beset her from childhood up to this, her twenty-ninth year, there had always been the hope of successful and satisfactory solution in the future. In all her reluctances and retreats at the threshold of life, through all her tardiness in entering upon full possession of her womanhood she had held the bright indefinite hope of youth that life held something fair and lovely, and the fulfilling of all heart's desire for her. All that had gone over her was preliminary, she had not yet begun to live. The loss of hope did not come upon her return home, but later, when the situation there forbade her carrying out her plans for work. Soon after this another avenue of expression, was closed to her. This was the cessation of her correspondence with M. Heger, in Brussels. The very fact that much of the nature of her feeling for her teacher remained unconscious to herself made its consequences more significant in her life.

So far as we can determine the correspondence with M. Heger, which had been her great comfort and stay, providing as it did a human outlet for her affections most satisfying to her needs, came to an end definitely sometime in 1846. The last published letter (19) was written November 18, 1845. She did not then accept the fact that she must write no more. Mrs. Gaskell has stated that the letters were discontinued because the teacher requested Miss Brontë to send them to a secret address, in order to escape the censure of

his wife. The notes and comments that appeared in the London Times in 1913 (20) following the publication of the letters, tend to deny that such a request was made. It is scarcely possible at this date to determine the truth, and for the purpose of analyzing the affective life of Charlotte Brontë it is scarcely necessary. What we do know is that the letters meant much to her, and that their cessation was a blow severe enough to precipitate a conflict which ended in a new and complete repression of her feelings. How much the writing of these letters meant to her is sufficiently indicated in the following passage from the letter written November 18, 1845:

"To forbid me to write to you, to refuse to answer me, would be to tear from me my only joy on earth, to deprive me of my last privilege—a privilege I never shall consent willingly to surrender. So long as I believe you are pleased with me, so long as I have hope of receiving news from you, I can be at rest and not too sad."

In her books she found again a channel for the outpouring of the feeling that had gone out, under some restraint to M. Heger. That the final realization that she was cut off from her dearest friend was the sting that drove her to the passionate expression of spirit found in *Jane Eyre* seems to me a plausible theory. I do not see any way, at present of confirming this by the fixing of the dates of the writing of *The Professor*, of *Jane Eyre* and of her final renunciation of communication with her friend. *The Professor* was offered for publication in 1846, *Jane Eyre* was written that same year, begun while she was in Manchester with her father, who was there to undergo an operation for cataract. I cannot think otherwise than that an emotional change in the author is the only probable way of accounting for the contrast between the fiery romantic atmosphere of the one and the cold and colorless story of the other.

Had she admitted to her own mind the full realization of her deep love for her teacher, the faulty but lovable master whose personality most completely satisfied the demands of her ideal, had she attempted to fight it in the open, probably she could not have depicted her own love story with such moving power and fidelity to the essence of womanly feeling as she did. Facing the problem and dealing with it frankly would have set free the emotional energy involved in conflict in some more common-place and direct way, as the results of Freudian psychoanalysis demonstrate. It is because a large part of her conflict remained sub-conscious that it could find a perfect and uncensored expression in creative, imaginative, writing. The continuity of this love experience with the in-

fantile love-fixation upon her father is shown in the treatment of her child-heroines. The two experiences were of one mould, her adult passion only the result of that close psychic union with her father too firmly knitted in childhood ever to be broken. That the unrequited passion for M. Heger was the necessary agent for bringing her to the necessity of artistic expression as an outlet for otherwise hopelessly repressed feeling there is no need to assume. That such a passion was necessary to the development of her emotional power is also an untenable assumption. The essential elements were all present, this passion happened to be the precipitating agent, but out of her original Father Complex her need for emotional expression would have grown without the aid of any new love experience. Had she not hit upon a mode of expression which suited her capacities as writing did, she would not improbably have met the mental shipwreck seen in dementia praecox cases of similar antecedents.

Through most of the year 1844 she was trying to start a school there at Haworth Parsonage. She knew she could not leave home at present but she hoped to get pupils to come to her and her sisters there, with the thought, perhaps, that the future might permit removal to a more favorable location. Before there were definite prospects of securing any, however, Branwell's disgrace, through misconduct at the house where he was employed, had brought him home, and between remorse and weakness he had become a drunkard and an opium eater, making life in the parsonage a night-mare, and the reception of pupils impossible. The plan whereby a start in life and independence were to have been won crumbled to ashes. Her father's blindness kept her at his side, or so she felt, and Branwell's degradation made it impossible to carry out her plan at home. At last the choice was forced upon her and in anguish of spirit she made it. It was the only choice possible to her nature, it was the choice that naturally grew out of her spiritual development but it cost a terrible price, the price of seeing the hope of youth go out finally; of seeing her life bounded forever by the grey walls of Haworth Parsonage, with no prospect of independent being and, it seemed, no prospect of the larger life offered by marriage, which she had not really consciously given up, for who would ever seek her at Haworth? Even had new vistas not opened for her at Brussels, it could not have satisfied her to remain at Haworth.

The life in Brussels with the growth of a new passion had almost converted her from an emotional, pent-up, but powerful dreamer of dreams into an active work-a-day woman. Hear

what she writes in the interval before her second year there, in 1843. "There are times now when it appears to me as if all my ideas and feelings, except a few friendships and affections, are changed from what they used to me; something in me, which used to be enthusiasm, is tamed down and broken. I have fewer illusions; what I wish for is active exertion—a stake in life. Haworth seems such a lonely, quiet, spot, buried away from the world. I no longer regard myself as young—indeed I shall soon be twenty-eight and it seems as if I ought to be working and having the rough realities of the world, as other people do. It is, however, my duty to restrain this feeling at present, and I will endeavor to do so."

She had not then given up hope. Had she been able to realize the desires that then filled her, however, we should never have had *Jane Eyre*, though we might have had books from her pen, books, which if we may judge by what she wrote before this critical year of 1844 would not have lived for half a century.

By the first of the year of 1845 she had made her decision, for her friend Mary Taylor, who went to New Zealand soon after, wrote of her, to her biographer (7):

"When I last saw Charlotte (in January, 1845), she told me she had quite decided to stay at home. She owned she did not like it. Her health was weak. She said she should like any change at first, as she had liked Brussels at first, and she thought there must be some possibility for some people of having a life of more variety and more communion with human kind, but she saw none for her. I told her very warmly that she ought not to stay at home, that to spend the next five years at home, in solitude and weak health, would ruin her; that she never would recover it. Such a dark shadow came over her face when I said 'Think of what you'll be five years hence!' that I stopped and said:

"'Don't cry, Charlotte!'

"She did not cry, but went on walking up and down the room, and said in a little while: 'But I intend to stay, Polly.'"

To clear sighted Mary Taylor, with a mind fifty years ahead of her time on the "woman question," Charlotte's sacrifice always seemed wrong.

After this time Charlotte herself wrote to a friend, "All the days are alike, heavy and lifeless. Undoubtedly my duty directs me to remain at home. . . . There was a time when Haworth was a pleasant place to me—it is not so now. . . . I long to travel, to work, to live a life of action. . . ."

Yet it must not be forgotten that her disappointment had its reverse side of relief for her shrinking soul, which feared activity as much as it craved it. Many, if not all, of our bitterest disappointments bear with them an unacknowledged relief from some dreaded or ill-carried responsibility.

With the vanishing of the School bubble the three sisters turned more seriously than before to writing as an outlet for their restless minds and a means of supplementing their scanty living. No doubt the work of each was a stimulus to the others, but to Charlotte, most famous of the three, full power had not yet come. The *Poems*, published in 1846, and *The Professor*, written mostly in this same year, while possessing merit, are very far separated from the fire and intensity that characterized *Jane Eyre*. To explain this disparity in works produced so near together in time Miss Sinclair has suggested that the reading of Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* may have awakened her to the necessity of pouring her fiery spirit unrestrained into *Jane Eyre*. Such an explanation is plausible but appears inadequate. *Jane Eyre* gives the impression not of conscious effort, but of being the resistless outpouring of feeling and imagination that could not be restrained.

That she happily chose a more suitable medium of expression in *Jane Eyre*, a more direct channel for liberation of her spirit than the poems or the story of *The Professor* furnished her would account for a small part of the difference. In *The Professor* she attempted to project her personality upon a masculine personality, and was unable to perform this operation successfully because she could not sufficiently detach from herself the qualities and emotions she tried to depict. She was cramped by the artificiality of her creation. In her later successful books she drew only the characters she really knew—chiefly herself, her father, or M. Heger, and Emily—and with these she succeeded.

But the chief cause of the power that developed in her after the writing of the *Professor* and before *Jane Eyre* is to be sought in events transpiring in the Author's inner world, not in externals. The fresh conflict that rent her, demanding a repression that was almost beyond her strength, arose when she gave up finally the friendship with M. Heger, the man whom she truly loved. The pent-up emotional energy which was denied outlet here must necessarily find other outlet, or destroy the unity of the personality to which it belonged. It is this emotion, this energy of love and life, the mating and reproductive urge, brought to its maturity by the experiences the woman had just passed through, that was transmitted

to her work, with the result, to quote a contemporary critic, that *Jane Eyre* seems "written in fire."

Thus, after a long period of preparation, a period lasting till her thirty-first year, she found her full power through the blocking up of all normal paths to satisfaction and happiness. That genius flowers only under such conditions no one can yet postulate, but that the genius of Charlotte Brontë depended upon the turning of the energy engendered by emotional conflicts into the one channel of writing seems to me to be demonstrated. She was precocious, brilliant, she practised her art from early childhood, she had the best English and French literature for her models, yet she failed to bring forth anything worth while until the completion of that repressive process just described. And it is not in the externals of style and plot that she wins praise, as has been often pointed out, but in her truth to inner, emotional, or spiritual experience. Such power rose not from the intellect but from the deeper, fundamental, instinctive nature, the portion of the personality that has most of its activity confined to what we call "The Unconscious."

Chapter IV. The End of the Battle

The story of Charlotte Brontë has been told and retold by many writers. From them we know of her unchildlike childhood, of her pinched youth, of her self-sacrificing womanhood. We have the picture of the delicate, small, shrinking creature, free and alive only in the small circle of her home, and on the wide, wind-swept moors; we can see her sitting desolate in the lonely home, after the last of her sisters have gone; we have a clear impression of her suffering in mind and body, and we wonder yet over the mystery of her genius. But one part of her story has been told only briefly and hastily by most writers, as if it held a problem on which they could not speculate. This is the story of her marriage and her death. I do not intend to say much of them here, only to try to show that both were in keeping with all that had gone before.

The pain of unsatisfied longings, of desires, chained by the triumph of that which she called Duty, but not quiescent, kept her in a state of weak health through most of her life. She was never strong but there is no doubt that happy surroundings and a normal development would have removed much of her suffering, which was almost wholly of a nervous sort. The sleeplessness, headaches, aching spots in the spine, pathological fatigue, great depression, debility, nervous fears and tremors, all are characteristic of the neurasthenic or the hysterical constitution. Her special suffering under any cir-

circumstances that tended to rouse the buried wishes—as, for example, her sick headaches and nervous excitement when obliged to meet company in London, all tell strongly in favor of the view that she suffered from hysterical conversions due to emotional conflicts. She was sometimes temporarily better, but never was she well. How she and her father reacted upon each other, since he too suffered from nervous disorders and especially from depression may be guessed. It was an unfortunate fate that bound two such characters together. Had she suffered less physically she might have produced more than the four books that bear her name as author, but had she suffered less mentally she might have produced none. If something could have occurred to break her life-long bondage to her father both sufferings might have been mitigated—had the release come in time.

Her unconscious clinging to him in a way that permitted no rival, and her conscious sense of duty caused her to reject every possible avenue of escape, including that of marriage, until, when she was thirty-eight, having refused four offers of marriage, she finally accepted Arthur Nicholls, whom she had once refused. Why did she do so? She would not, so long as her father maintained his violent and selfish opposition. He came first with her always. Did it not do violence to the inner ideal to which she had so long clung to give herself at last to a man whom she assuredly did not love in any such wholehearted fashion as that in which she had required the heroines of her books to love? No, I think not.

The long faithfulness of Mr. Nicholls and the grief which he could not conceal when she rejected him, worked greatly upon her mother-instinct which is probably always pretty largely present when a woman of her age marries for love. She was not putting him in the place of her ideal but in the place of the son she ought to have had—though she did this unconsciously. Then she felt the need always of protection and guidance, and her father was failing her. He was seventy-six years old, and she was facing the time when she would be left alone. She felt justified in seeking some one to whom to cling, for, while she could bear company less and less as she grew older, she could bear complete solitude not at all. She married Mr. Nicholls in the shy, reluctant spirit with which she had faced life, and he was her last great compromise.

She was not unmindful of her father's claims in this matter. Mr. Nicholls was her father's curate, and had been for years. It was difficult for Mr. Brontë to find another with whom he could work and he was becoming too feeble to attend to his parish duties. By marrying this man she saved to her

father his parish and his home—and it would have broken his heart to leave either. Her marriage was not a step forward, it was really a regression, a seeking for that safety, that protection, and control, which the spiritual habit of childhood made necessary, and seeking these in another, stronger personality. I do not believe that she could, at this time of life, have made a marriage that would have taken her from Haworth, radically changed her course of life. She was able to go on as before, the housekeeper of the Parsonage, the comfort and stay of her father, who still treated her as a child. Only one great change it made, it put a stop to her writing, for the time at least. Her husband demanded all the time, the thought, and the care that had once gone to that. She felt the new limitation and if her married life had lasted long it would not have been happy, for her soul was too firmly fixed now for new objects to satisfy it. It had never got away from the moorings of childhood, and in contact with the adult world, with the partial and unequal growth of her personality, conflict between old desires and new was inevitable. The conflict had issued in creative work, without, however, giving peace or true satisfaction to the mind that produced this work. That such a marriage as hers could have given these is impossible. It was too late.

Death seemed the fitting solution of the struggle, piteous and pathetic as her death was. It would be but mysticism unsupported by any scientific facts to trace her death to the mental conflict involved in trying to bring forth life—with all the resistances of her most powerful complexes against it—in our present lack of knowledge as to the connection of the neurological and the psychological. She died in the eighth month of pregnancy, having suffered much from nausea, vomiting and prostration. The data recorded in the biographies are of course insufficient for a diagnosis. Pernicious vomiting of the neurotic variety may be surmised to have been the illness from which she suffered during the early months of pregnancy, though nothing can now be stated with certainty. This complaint always has psychogenic features (21, p. 550). The cause of the fatal termination of her condition, has not, so far as I know, been recorded for us. Without under-rating the true organic factors in her illness we may assume with certainty that her condition was aggravated by psychogenic reactions, derived, probably, from the fear and reluctance she felt at this new facing of life. She, whose life was so strongly bound to him who gave her life, could not become a mother without a destroying conflict. She died, and, whatever the natural causes of her death, her state of mind was one of

fear and weariness unsurpassed by anything she had ever felt. It would almost seem that there was remorse as an element of the secret unwillingness she felt to become a mother, as well as the resistance engendered by years of repression.

*Chapter V. The Revelations in the Novels, especially in
"Villette"*

If we did not possess the biographical data so carefully gathered by Mrs. Gaskell, Sir Wemyss Reid, Clement Shorter, Augustine Birrell (22), and others who have interested themselves in the history of Charlotte Brontë, and if we had not the hundreds of letters preserved by her friend Ellen Nussey, we should still have sufficient material upon which to construct the leading motives of this psychoanalytic study in the four novels that she has left behind her. While it is true that none of these is strictly autobiographical, while, none, perhaps, portrays the external events of her life so faithfully as *David Copperfield* tells the story of the youth of Charles Dickens, yet everyone of them is constructed out of the inner experience of the writer. Everyone is a spiritual autobiography, representing different phases of the Author's spiritual history.

Jane Eyre was the result of the first real liberation of the repressed love and longing, after the partial satisfaction of the friendship of her beloved teacher was taken away from her. It is exuberant with the unpruned fancies of a girl's mind. *Shirley*, the least subjective of her books, more mature, written under somewhat happier circumstances, presents no character that is distinctly Charlotte herself though her heroes are again attempts at presenting the father-teacher-master; somewhat more subdued and less improbable than Rochester. The book represents, in its first two-thirds, the broadest and most varied aspects of her personality, indicating her capacity to treat many external aspects of life sympathetically, with more of truth and realism than appeared in *Jane Eyre*. The writing of this book was interrupted by the death of her brother and of her two sisters, all three falling within a space of eight months, during which time she could do no writing. When she took it up again the broad touch was gone and once more the one absorbing interest, the relation between a masterful and benevolently despotic man and a spirited, rebellious, but eventually yielding and submissive woman, dominated the story. "The book quivers with the shock," May Sinclair has said in speaking of the effect of the overwhelming grief of her triple loss upon the

writer of *Shirley*. The effect is seen not in lessened power—for the emotional power, which is always her chief excellence, is heightened, as various critics have noted—but in the narrowing of the scope of the story. This reflects the psychological experience of Charlotte Brontë, for she was driven once more back upon herself and upon the eternal complex and conflict of her life. Only her father was left for her to live for.

But it is in *Villette* that we see the final expression of her personality. It is not too much to say that an adequate psychoanalysis of Charlotte Brontë's character could be based upon *Villette* alone. It would lack completeness but no essential characteristic would be lacking. True, the book follows actual external events only in the less important details of the story, but that *Lucy Snowe*, the heroine of *Villette*, is the spiritual portrait of Charlotte no one has doubted. *Lucy* is drawn from the life and while she is not the whole of Charlotte she is the core of her in a way that *Jane Eyre* was not. *Caroline* and *Shirley* have each some of her thoughts and feelings, they are complementary characters, but their originals were Emily Brontë and Ellen Nussey. In *Lucy* we find traits of personality, records of personal experience, without which, with all the letters and reminiscences that friends of the Brontës have preserved, we could not thoroughly know the author.

Each of her three great books, *Shirley*, *Jane Eyre*, and *Villette*, is claimed by some eminent admirer as her masterpiece, but I think that those who have studied all her work most thoroughly and comprehendingly unite in giving the palm to *Villette*. Swinburne and Lafcadio Hearn stand as exceptions, both declaring for *Jane Eyre*. But Swinburne, despite his glowing appreciation of her genius, and her praise of her that stands almost alone in nineteenth century criticism, has shown his inability fully to comprehend the object of his reverent admiration on some points where the womanly understanding of May Sinclair and Mrs. Humphrey Ward was keener. These two hail *Villette* as the acme of Charlotte Brontë's artistic achievement. And Lafcadio Hearn wavered in his choice as may be seen from a passage in his *Interpretations of Literature*. (23) (Vol. 1, p. 250.)

The reason for the pre-eminence of *Villette* lies at our hand. The working of the subconscious self is at its best and fullest in this book. Alone with her father, stricken with grief, living upon memories too poignant to be sweet, she wrote, and the writing, refuge from life though it was, was fraught with difficulty. She tells her publishers that this book more

than the others, was dependent upon the capricious and elusive "Inspiration" upon which she had always to wait. There were days, weeks, months, even, in which, although hand and brain were no longer filled to overflowing with homely tasks, she could not write a word. At such times her physical condition was wretched in the extreme. She was suffering from nervous weakness, depression, headaches, insomnia, fatigue, all the symptoms of her type of hysterical neurosis, which show the virulence of the inner conflict from which these symptoms arise. The ability to write indicated a temporary victory, or a temporary truce.

In both *Villette* and *The Professor* she makes good use of the abnormal characters, which with the keenness for detecting unusual mental states belonging to the neurotic person, she learned to know at the Brussels School. That school evidently harbored an unusually large number of psychopathic pupils, in a day when special schools for such children were rare. The character of Madame Heger, if she is faithfully portrayed as "Madame Beck" in *Villette*, was one suited to attract and to manage such children. Her methods were based on silent surveillance, cunning, urbanity, unflinching good humor and gentleness, firmness, punctilious orderliness; expediency rather than sentiment governed her conduct. The unemotional exterior of this woman fascinated and repelled Charlotte Brontë, leading her to see in the powerful but treacherous character of the older woman the personality for the rival to her favorite heroine, Lucy. It was a character that corresponded to that attributed by infantile jealousy at times to the mother.

The most perfect portrayal of the neuropathic character, however, is, naturally, found in the study of *Lucy Snowe*, the replica of the author herself. English literature scarcely contains another such masterly, detailed, and consistent description of the neurotic character. No observer, who has not known the suffering of the neurotic, could so accurately describe this type of personality. Lucy has the impassive exterior that often deceives the casual observer, while yet her emotional reactions are exaggerated out of all proportion to their apparent causes. She suffered from sheer loneliness of spirit and from frustration of normal wishes, unable, with her unevenly developed personality, to adapt herself to the society about her. She preferred solitude to the society of those upon whom she was dependent, yet when actual solitude came, in that memorable episode of the "Long Vacation," she was unable to stand alone and her nervous disease reached its height. I must send my reader to the book

itself for an adequate conception of this powerful description of agony of mind. "The despair of emptiness," "The utter weariness of life," the "Longing for life to end," are some of the eloquent phrases that show the bitterness and helplessness of the soul out of harmony with life and too fearful of death to risk putting an end to the conflict.

A characteristic symptom, which is almost an automatism, expressing the blind instinct to seek and find Life, is the fever for *walking* that came upon Lucy at this time of solitude. "A goad thrust me on, a fever forbade me to rest, a want of companionship maintained in my soul the cravings of a most deadly famine," we read. Fearing illness, as a result of her growing tendency to fantasy, she soon became really ill, and could neither eat nor sleep and lay down neglected in the echoing dormitory. As the description of what passed now is a page of the author's own life I must quote it, for it sounds the depths.

"Sleep came, but in anger. Impatient of my importunity she brought with her an avenging dream. By the clock of St. Jean Baptiste that dream remained scarce fifteen minutes—a brief space, but sufficing to wring my whole frame with unknown anguish; to confer a nameless experience that had the hue, the mien, the terror, the very tone of a visitation from eternity. Between twelve and one that night a cup was forced to my lips, black, strong, strange, drawn from no well, but filled up seething from a bottomless and boundless sea. Suffering, brewed in temporal or calculable measure, and mixed for mortal lips, tastes not as this suffering tasted. Having drunk and woke, I thought all was over; the end come and past by. Trembling fearfully—as consciousness returned—ready to cry out on some fellow creature to help me, only that I knew no fellow creature was near enough to catch the wild summons—I rose on my knees in bed. Some fearful hours went over me; indescribably was I torn, racked, and oppressed in mind. Amidst the horrors of that dream I think the worst lay here. Methought the well-loved dead, who had loved *me* well in life, met me elsewhere, alienated; galled was my inmost spirit with an unutterable sense of despair about the future. Motive there was none why I should try to recover or wish to live; and yet quite unendurable was the pitiless and haughty voice in which Death challenged me to engage his unknown terrors. When I tried to pray I could only utter these words:

"'From my youth up Thy terrors have I suffered with a troubled mind.'"

This was a chapter of her own experience, portraying the

very acme of the horrors felt by a soul in bitter conflict with its unknown forces. The symbols of the sea, the cup, with their association of wild terror, the intuition that here was something beyond the bounds of the human or the mortal, joined with the bitterness of separation from her family in that other, lower world, make a dream strongly resembling the terrifying fantasies of patients suffering from dementia praecox. The foundation of such fantasies is the age-old, deeply buried incest conflict. The desire that had its roots in earliest life finds itself opposed by all the upward-striving impulses of the race, it sees itself subversive of biological progress, and the recoil from it, in dream or fantasy, carries with it the deepest of horror, the horror felt for that which destroys Life. In her loneliness, her desolation, the buried, unconscious, primordial desire stirred in *Lucy*, and brought with it the "avenging dream."

The agony of this attack culminated, and ended, in the famous Confession. Lucy—alias Charlotte—rose from her bed, dressed herself, weak and shaking and went out, in one last half conscious struggle to get in touch with life again and to regain her hold upon the world of reality. After a long walk she went into a church to rest, and moved by an irresistible impulse to seek human intercourse and sympathy, went up to the confessional and poured the story of her agony into the ears of the priest. She had no sin to confess—not even the stain of another's sin, like Hawthorne's "Hilda"—it was simply the demand for expression of her pent-up feelings, a demand that almost swept away her Protestant prejudices. She received a measure of help and comfort, but strongly reacted against the hated "Popery" immediately after. The real reaction was probably against her own weakness in breaking her silence and seeking help, a yielding to "Paternalism." This incident resulted in the finding of friends, and release from her solitary confinement, and new scenes and interests relieved the suffering and brought her back to her normal state.

The great contribution of *Villette* to psychology, and the greatest contribution found in any of her books is the revelation of the Father-complex—"Electra" complex, if we use the Freudian name.

It begins with the child Polly, who absorbs the reader's interest for the first three chapters, and who was quite plainly meant to be the heroine of the novel. One of the most significant points in the analysis of this complex is the transfer of the interest to Lucy, and Lucy's complete usurpation of the heroine's rôle. Judging from Miss Brontë's letter to her pub-

lishers concerning the book this was not intended and we are not even sure that she ever fully realized what she had done, that she ever knew that she had robbed Polly and given all her charm to Lucy. The significance of this will come out as we proceed with the analysis.

Polly appears as an extraordinarily self-possessed, old-fashioned, but intensely feeling and keenly suffering diminutive creature, whose whole world exists in her father. She has just lost her mother, but the loss is not so great as it would appear, for her mother was a frivolous society woman who neglected her child shamelessly. The author is convinced that Polly is wholly the creature of her imagination and that her treatment is purely objective, and she probably would have resented the suggestion that there is a parallel between Polly's mother and her own, yet the development of the plot and the characters are such as to convince us that this was the case. The cases of Segantini (13), and Wagner (24), might be cited as partly comparable. Why should Polly's mother have neglected her? This was no necessary part of the story; the consequences of this neglect are never referred to or worked out in any obvious way. This passage was written from the suggestion of the unconscious infantile soul of Charlotte, which still harbored resentment (all unconscious) against the mother who had never, within her memory, played a mother's part to her. Little Polly is left to the care of Mrs. Bretton, Lucy's godmother, whom Lucy, a girl of fourteen, is visiting at the time, while Polly's father goes abroad in an attempt to cure his grief for his wife's death. Polly's intense suffering over the separation, so much greater than any child is supposed to feel, indicates to the casual reader a precocious emotional development, and to the psychoanalyst, a situation arising from previously conflicting emotions of the nature of love and hate in the parent-complex.

An indication of the resistance to the old memories that worked to conceal Polly's true identity from her author is found in the unsympathetic attitude of the girl Lucy, who was intended to embody one aspect of her author's personality, the cold, unemotional, external shell of her. When Polly insisted on waiting upon her father, awkwardly passing his teacup with both her tiny hands, Lucy says, "Candidly speaking, I considered her a little busybody." This was Lucy's ostensible attitude to Polly, yet she gives various unintentional, almost unconscious indications of a secret sympathy and affection for the child which she will not acknowledge.

The most interesting feature of this phase of the story, to the psychoanalyst, is the transference of Polly's affection to

the youth, Graham Bretton, after her father has been absent some weeks. Graham treats her with a mock deference that suits her fancy for being grown up, and then makes her his playmate, soon winning her heart completely. The little comedy of the playmates is presented with exquisite tenderness and sympathy, and with an understanding of the mental reactions involved almost uncanny to one who takes a superficial view of Miss Brontë's life and equipment. It is the lilliputian play and interplay of masculine dominance and feminine submission, mixed with coquetry, and it is more. It is the mixture of authority and tenderness, on the boy's side, that is most characteristic of the paternal attitude; and, of imperiousness and gentle docility that belongs to the petted little daughter, and to the ideal wife of the romancers. It is to Graham that Polly ministers now, as she had ministered to her father, over Graham she tyrannized, to Graham's teasing she submitted with a tantalizing conflict of emotions, both pleasurable and painful.

Polly's reaction when the news came that her father, now almost forgotten, was coming back to take her home with him is the most telling part of this study of a child. With the first faint realization that she had transferred her affection from Papa to Graham came irritation, directed against her informant—Lucy, as usual—and incredulity as to his coming. After this she became serious and silent, a struggle was evidently going on. But when importuned by Lucy as to whether, she was not glad to go to her father, "Of course!" she said at last in that trenchant manner she usually employed only in speaking to Lucy.

The masochistic side of her attachment to Graham is shown in the little scene that occurred the night before her departure with her father.

"Little Mousie (Graham's nickname for her) crept to his side (he being absorbed in his books and having scarcely heeded the announcement of her impending departure) and lay down on the carpet at his feet, her face to the floor; mute and motionless she kept that post and position till bedtime. Once I saw Graham—wholly unconscious of her proximity—push her with his restless foot. She receded an inch or two. A minute after one little hand stole out from beneath her face, to which it had been pressed, and softly caressed the heedless foot. When summoned by her nurse she rose and departed very obediently, having bid us all a subdued good night."

But when Lucy went to her room later she found Polly suffering from an inexpressible grief more agonizing even than

the painful scene that followed her first separation from her father. Lucy thought fit to warn the six year old child against caring too much for the half grown boy, telling her on this and other occasions that boys did not feel as girls did, that too much affection from girls was felt as troublesome, that she must not expect a return of his affection. It is the dialogue between Reason and Feeling again, which took place often in the mind of Jane Eyre, of the group-up Lucy Snowe, and of Charlotte Brontë herself.

Graham and Paulina ("Polly") set out to show the combined personalities of father and daughter, lover and mistress, in their interplay, satisfying the infantile demand for a combination of these two rôles. As long as the scene was laid in the remote land of childhood, where Polly's true identity was buried deep as *Gradiva* (25), under the ashes of Pompeii, they could be kept ideal figures, not consciously taken from the life, differing from their actual prototypes in every external feature, and unrecognized by the mind that conceived them. Paulina was pretty and imperious, Charlotte was not, Graham was fair and debonair, as the misty, illusion-veiled hero of her childhood was not. But the soul of Polly was the soul of Charlotte, and Graham was the ideal hero, glorious, tender, careless, indifferent to the love lavished upon him.

Lucy was intended from the first to be an unflattering portrait of the author, plain, cold, sarcastic, such feelings as she had being carefully kept out of sight, somewhat misanthropic. She was to be the *outside* of Charlotte, and was to play a subordinate part in the story, being the narrator, but letting her story give way to the superior interest of Paulina's. When the novel moved out of the misty regions of childhood however into the near and clear land of Just-yesterday, when the course of the plot carried Lucy, as a teacher, to Brussels, because the material gathered during Miss Brontë's own pupil-and-teacher days there demanded to be used, and when real and well-remembered scenes and incidents began to be woven in, Miss Brontë lost control of her characters. They controlled her. Lucy refused to be the cold, austere, somewhat disagreeable person that the author perceived as one phase of her own character (and a superficial phase it was, as she must have felt) and insisted upon being her full, passionate, self. So it came about that the sensibility, the intensity of feeling, the enormous capacity for suffering, that were shadowed forth in little Polly came to ripeness of development in Lucy, and with them went the charm that had invested Polly, making Lucy a figure to enchain the interest

and seize upon the sympathy of the reader in spite of her plain, almost forbidding exterior.

When Polly came back into the story—so late that one is tempted to think the author must have been very near forgetting her—the life is gone out of her. Conscientiously Polly is reconstructed as the external Polly ought to be, but there is nothing in her to make her real because the fire with which she was first conceived has all gone into the vivifying of Lucy, and a fiery, living, tameless creature the pale cool embryonic Lucy of the first three chapters has become.

So far had the character of Lucy usurped the heroine's place that the writer very nearly bestowed upon her the hero, Graham Bretton. She recollected her original purpose in time, as a letter to her publishers showed. It may be well again to call attention to the fact that the book was written slowly, with long intervals of inactivity, and that the writer put into it more of her personal, emotional experience than she had put into any of the preceding books. For this reason it "wrote itself" in a manner of speaking, and she was unable to conceive her plot clearly from beginning to end. It evidently shaped itself as the story grew. Having seen, however, that a match between Lucy and Graham was unsuitable, and having recalled Paulina to the scene, she began developing the character of the Professor, Paul Emanuel, whom she had selected for Lucy. He grows in attractiveness and lovable human qualities, while Graham becomes artificial in just the same way as Lucy waxed in interest while Paulina waned, and for the same reason. The reader's interest obeys the course of the writer's, transferring itself from one pair of characters to the other, as the love of Lucy and Paul is developed. Madame Beck, the sinister mother, appears as Lucy's rival, completing the most ancient of triangle plots. The third volume of the story is most impressive and intense because the situation has come to the basic reality of affective, or emotional, life, at last. A hero founded upon the ideal father-personality and M. Heger, a heroine who was the impersonation of herself, and an older woman to whom she ascribed the cold, deadly implacability of a malevolent pursuing fate, play out in the most realistic and yet most artistic form she had yet been able to give it, the drama that she set forth in each of her other novels. It was more fantastic, more dreamlike in *Jane Eyre*, more consciously adapted to the conventionalities in *Shirley*, here it was given with unswerving fidelity to her own inward drama of feeling.

In no other emotional situation of importance was she thoroughly at home. She rose to her highest plane of artistic

ability only when she dealt with lovers who combined with the adult relation a large measure of the interplay of feeling that occurs, consciously or unconsciously, between father and daughter.

In *Jane Eyre* the solution of the triangle plot is strikingly like the productions of a child's dream,² as Chesterton pointed out. The rival wife, much older than the heroine, of course, is reduced practically to the level of an animal, an inferior creature to whom no real consideration is due. The house is burned, the mad wife perishes in the flames (and we have a right to recall the significance of fire as a symbol of sexual passion) the husband is thus freed, but at the same time he is blinded. He cannot see, therefore, who it is that comes to him, to take the place of wife. His blindness satisfies the "resistance" to the fulfillment of the wish (in the language of the dream interpretation of Freud). The story did not demand that Rochester be made blind, but conflicting forces of the author's unconsciousness required it. The story of Rochester and Jane dramatized her own love for the forbidden man—first for her father, a love wholly unconscious, second for the teacher, a love partly conscious, and the writer had to make some concession to the fundamental obstacle to wish-fulfillment. In childish fashion this was made by shutting the father's eyes to the true situation. I hope the reader is not confused here between the literal sense of the story, and the psychoanalytical meaning of it. Let me repeat—the blindness of Rochester played no important rôle in the story as a literary production. It was introduced to satisfy a demand of the unconscious emotional complex of the writer, out of which complex the story grew.

A fact in the personal history of the author points the relations of the idea of blindness to the father-concept, and of the emotional complex centering about Charlotte's father and M. Heger. She began *Jane Eyre* in Manchester, whither she had accompanied her father, that he might undergo an operation for cataract. A little while before this she had thought that she herself might be losing her sight, and had carefully abstained from much writing and from all close work, in order to preserve her sight for the use of her father, in reading to him and serving his needs. Her fear appears to have been groundless, probably the eye trouble was a neurosis of the sort to which she was subject. It arose when she was still feeling the effects of the struggle in which she decided to

² This resemblance to the dreams of childhood was also pointed out to me by Dr. Edward J. Kempf, to whom I am indebted for other valuable suggestions during the work of revising the manuscript.

remain at Haworth with her father, and was the crowning act of her self-abnegation for his sake. For him she must even give up her beloved writing. It was at this time that she wrote to M. Heger, that were it not for the failure of her eyesight she would be writing a book, and would dedicate it to him (Gaskell). She soon wrote *The Professor*, as we have seen, and began *Jane Eyre* while in Manchester with her father, after her correspondence with Heger had come to an end in the manner described in Chapter Three. The thought of blindness was thus by an external sequence of events woven in with the emotional elements that constituted the plot of *Jane Eyre*, and so the blindness of the hero was a natural mode of satisfying the moral resistance to the union of two people who, in so far as they impersonated the father and daughter of the universal infantile romance, could not be legally united.

In *Villette*, however, the moral resistance could not be so easily satisfied, as Paul and Lucy were so very closely identified with the real characters in the author's own life. She never was conscious of the true nature of the ban upon their union, such truth being always, in all of us, normally, repressed into the realm of the unconscious.

She only knew that she had an unshakable conviction that such happiness could not be, that Paul did not come back, that he was drowned at sea. Her publishers wished her to change this ending, she replied that she *could* not—she had to write the story as it was given to her. Then her father begged for a happy ending. For him she made the compromise that almost spoils the eloquence of that tragic climax. This is the only occasion on which she was ever known to change any important part of her writing at the behest or suggestion of any person, and it is significant that she yielded thus far to her father, who had always been the most influential person for her, who was truly a part of herself. But even for him she could not really change—even he could not abrogate the law that decreed such a marriage impossible.

She veiled the truth in dark and doubtful words, not saying that Paul was drowned, leaving the end ambiguous, yet deceiving no intelligent reader. Strangely, it seems at first glance, the reader is satisfied with this unsatisfactory ending. The inner perception recognizes the truth of the ban upon this marriage, because of the unconscious remainder of the romance of childhood existent in each mind.

The only solution of the conflict grown to its full proportion, as in *Villette*, was Death. No childish ruse of blindness would suffice. Death and Love were close companions

in her emotional life. The story of her life is like a long funeral dirge, its measures marked by the death, one after another, of those nearest her. Dream analysis has shown how the fancied experience of death may represent the culmination of love, and fantasies of dying, in the introversion type of psychoses, are the outcome of unsuccessful love affairs. The closing page of *Villette*, with its powerful lyric quality, has well been called by Miss Sinclair "A song of Triumph—the triumph of Death." It was the triumph of the fundamental passion of life, the undying love that transfers itself to one object after another, throughout the development-period, until it rests upon the object that fulfills its ideal, that gave to this celebration of death its exalted and triumphant note. In death lay the mystic fulfillment, as death was the only solution of the problem, a problem so deep in its significance that we can scarcely formulate it, and few people realize its existence in its true form.

The effort to solve the problem of her love-life was the impetus of Charlotte Brontë's literary production, as it has been the impetus of many remarkable men and women. She was successful in her work in proportion to the extent to which her vehicle of expression corresponded to the play of her own inner life: Intensely subjective, plots and characters had to represent her own drama. This is not said in order to detract from her glory, but, if possible, to do justice to it. The greatest genius is he who can succeed in giving his own soul most fully to his creative work. This capacity of pouring out her own self was given to Charlotte Brontë by the suffering she experienced, by the racking conflicts that demanded relief. Without this forcible release of emotional energy her work would have lacked the fire, intensity, and fidelity to nature that makes it the work of genius.

Charlotte Brontë has to-day an assured place in English literature. Her work in spirit belongs to the present more than to her own time, inasmuch as it sets forth psychological truths that are recognized now as they were not in 1850. But one woman in English literature of the nineteenth century has a place very far above her and that one is her own sister, Emily Brontë. Emily Brontë was even far less understood by her contemporaries than was her sister. No one yet has attempted an explanation of her character and genius, though much has been said in her praise. Even if there is sufficient data for an adequate study of the sources of her power the work lies still in the future.

The story of the Brontës shows the paramount influence of family life at its best and at its worst. The strong unbroken

impression made by an isolated and contracted home life continuing for many years made all the children alike incapable of successful adaptation to the demands of the larger world. They were shy, reluctant strangers wherever they went. Yet the untrammelled intellectual stimulus of that unusual home, free from many conventional restraints, furnished the means of self-expression and the chance to achieve work of an artistic merit that procured for two of them lasting fame. These same influences, combined with a poor heredity, produced neuroses or other disease in all. We are grappling in this present day with the problem of the family as it affects the individual in new ways. Studies of other families, now living, as complete as that made by the host of Brontë enthusiasts of this family, may shed light upon the question. At least such study may show the need of caution in our eugenic and educative measures for the development of a physically and mentally healthy new generation.

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(NOTE.—In the appended list only those works to which specific reference has been made are included. The many writings on the Brontës, from which I have gathered impressions, and the works on psychoanalysis which are the basis of my work, would make too long a catalogue for the pages of this magazine. If this essay forms later on a part of a larger work on the Psychoanalytic Study of Genius, as I hope it may, a full bibliography will be published.)

I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. Alfred Ela, of Boston, for numerous references to Brontëana, which might otherwise have escaped my attention.)

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